

Safety Hazards and Lethal Smiles by ThatWasDumbButThat'sOkay

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Summary: Billy Hargrove was an asshole of epic proportions. Darcy knew that. Everyone knew that. So why did that flicker of a smile he'd send her way before class every day matter so damn much to her? Short, mostly fluffy bc Billy is not racist or abusive here.

Safety Hazards and Lethal Smiles

This was originally posted on my tumblr (in second person, but as ffn doesn't allow this I turned the reader into Darcy, an OC).

(let me know if you see anything still written in second person narrative, I did my best but I may have missed something).

Request (anon): *Billy headcanon where he's only sweet to Y/N and his friends notice and tease him about it. I love your work sooooo much*

Okay, so this *was* requested as a headcanon, but I love the whole 'dick-to-the-world-but-sweet-with-you' trope, so I turned it into an imagine. It then became a multiple-part imagine, bc I want to write the whole-ass story of them becoming friends and I just couldn't stop myself. So here's the super-short Part 1 of Safety Hazards and Lethal Smiles

It'd started a couple of months ago, when she'd been reassigned a new locker mid-school year (for a reason that remained unexplained to Darcy). On her way to find said new locker she accidentally walked straight into Billy Hargrove; landing on her ass, of course, while he managed to remain standing.

Typical.

She'd expected him to yell, get angry, maybe even call her a name or two. After all, she'd heard of his reputation, seen him in the halls picking on other kids with his friends Tommy and Carol. It was ridiculous; he'd only been here 3 weeks and he was already crowning himself King of the school.

She'd told him once, after they'd become friends, that that was a ridiculous goal in life and the dumbest title she'd ever heard. When he threw his head back laughing, she couldn't help but admire him - and feel a little proud of herself for eliciting such a beautiful smile.

So, sat on the ground right next to her fallen dignity, Darcy had already prepared herself for the worst when... It didn't come. He

didn't shout – didn't even get angry – just sort of... looked at her for a minute, the hardened look in his eyes softening ever so slightly.

To say she was shocked when he offered her his hand to help her get up would be the understatement of all understatements.

It took her a few seconds before she could even comprehend what was going on, but as soon as she did she reached up, allowing him to pull her to her feet.

"You should watch where you're going, coming 'round corners that fast – gonna get yourself hurt."

His voice was softer than Darcy had ever heard it – granted, she'd never had an actual conversation with the boy before, so it wasn't like she had much for comparison, but still.

"Uh, yeah. Thanks; I'll bear that in mind next time I'm walking at the lightning-speed of two and a half miles an hour." She hadn't meant for the dry comment to slip out, but it had done so anyway.

Oops.

Billy's eyebrows raise in shock, but again, instead of getting angry, he just chuckles.

"Alright, speed-demon, I give. It was me rushing. But I still think you're a safety hazard." He leans against the wall, one arm propped up as he grins down at her, looking every inch the Cheshire cat. It heats Darcy's cheeks and puts her on edge at the same time. "Don't go crashing into any other guys 'round that next corner, alright? Make a guy feel like he's not special."

Darcy is fairly certain he's flirting with her. Billy Hargrove. Flirting (not a shocker). Flirting with *her* (shocker).

So, of course, naturally, she panics and stumbles over an excuse before hauling ass out of there. He was dangerous. And that smile? Lethal.

Glancing back, Darcy can see that he's only just started walking again, and she can't help but bite her lip as she glances down a little.

His ass isn't so bad either.

I do take requests, for both headcanons and imagines/oneshots over on my tumblr (daryldamnson), but it's fine if anyone wants to send them in here too.

Billy Hargrove disclaimer: Okay, so I have to have it noted that I hate Billy Hargrove with a passion - he's a racist abusive asshole, let's be honest. *However...* I acc do really like reading fics about Billy, it's like my guilty pleasure. I'm so ashamed bc I really do dislike his character canon. But when it comes to fanfics you can write your characters as OOC as you want, which means I'm going to change him just a little. He'll still be An Asshole™, but he'll be a redeemable one (read: not racist or abusive).